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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, JULY 12, 1884.

No. 14.

THE LAND OF TELL.

EDITED BY THE EDITOR.

ONE great charm of Switzerland is the stirring patriotic memories it recalls. The whole region is rife with legends of William Tell. On my way from Andermatt to Fluellen, on Lake Lucerne, I passed through the little village of Altdorf, where he is said to have shot the apple off his son's head. Critics try to make us believe that this never happened, because a similar story is told in the Hindoo mythology. But I am not going to give up my faith in Tell. I was shown the village in which he was born, and his statue, with a crossbow in his hand, erected on the very spot where he is said to have fired the arrow. A hundred and fifty paces distant is the fountain, on the place where his son is said to have stood with the apple on his head. After all this, how can I help believing the grand old story? I crossed the noisy Saachen, in which, when an old man, he was drowned while trying to save the life of a little child—a death worthy of his heroic fame.

At Fluellen, the grandeur of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons—*Vierwaldstatter-See*—or, as it is also called, the Lake of Uri, burst upon the view. The mountains rise abruptly from the lake, from eight to ten thousand feet. I walked some miles along the Axenstrasse—a road hewed in the mountain side, high above the lake, and beneath tremendous overhanging cliffs of tortured strata, which in places are pierced by tunnels—and lingered for hours enchanted with the blended beauty and sublimity of the views. With quickened pulse of expectation, I descended the cliff to the site of the far-famed Tell's Chapel, shown at the left-hand side of pictures. But what was my disappointment to find not one stone left on another! That great modern destroyer of the romantic, a railway,



THE LAND OF TELL.

was being constructed along the lake margin, and the time-honoured chapel, said to be five hundred years old, had been removed. A workman showed me the plans of a brand new one which was to be erected near the spot,

bond of the Swiss Confederacy; and further on the monument of Schiller, the bard of Tell. The lake lies like a huge St. Andrew's cross among the mountains, which rise abruptly from its deep, dark waves—

That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall,
Built by the giant race before the flood,
Each cliff and headland and green promontory
Graven with the records of the past;
Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
From godlike men.

The whole region is a sanctuary of liberty. Memories of Sempach and Morgarten and Rutli; of Winkelried and Furst and Tell; of purest patriotism and heroic valour, forever hallow this lovely land.

I stopped at Vitznau to ascend the Righi, 5,906 feet above the sea. A railway leads from the picturesque village to the summit. The engine climbs up by means of a cog-wheel, which catches into teeth on the track. In one place it crosses a skeleton iron bridge. As we climb higher and higher, the view widens, till, as we round a shoulder of the mountain, there bursts upon the sight a wondrous panorama of mountain, lakes, and meadows, studded with chalets, villages and hamlets, and distant towns. As the sun went down, a yellow haze, like gold dust, filled the air and glorified the entire landscape. The view in fine weather sweeps a circle of 300 miles, and commands an unrivalled prospect of the whole Bernese Oberland. But just as we reached the summit, we plunged into a dense mist, and groped our way to a huge hotel which loomed vaguely through the fog.

Here, a mile high among the clouds, a hundred and sixty guests—English, French, German, Russian, and American, and of every grade of rank—sat down to a sumptuous *table d'hôte* in the highest hotel in Europe, and one

of the finest. A perfect Babel of languages was heard, and in the bedrooms the following unique announcement was posted:—"Considering the great affluence [influx] of visitors from all nations to this house, we beg [you] to take good care and to lock well the door during the night." It was bitter cold, and the wind howled and moaned without, but in the elegant salons the music, mirth, and gaiety seemed a strange contrast to the bleakness of the situation.

At four o'clock in the morning, the unearthly sound of an Alpine horn rang through the corridors, and a motley group of shivering mortals turned out to witness the glories of the sun-rise. The strangely-muffled forms that paced the summit of the mountain, bore slight resemblance to the elegantly dressed ladies and gallant carpetknights of the evening before. Tantalizing glimpses of the glorious panorama were caught through rifts in the swirling clouds; but sullen and grim they swathed us round, and sullen and grim we crept back to bed. Dr. Cheever, who was favoured with a fine view of this revelation of glory, says: "It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges and lighted up each of their pyramidal peaks in succession, like a row of gigantic cressets, burning with rosy fires. A devout soul might also have felt, seeing these fires kindled on the altars of God, as if it heard the voice of Seraphim crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory.'"

I had the good fortune after breakfast to get a fine view of the landscape. Beneath me, like a map, lay Lakes Zug, Lucerne, Sempach, and half a score of others, with their towns and villages; and in the distance the whole range of the Bernese Alps. The nearer view—now flecked with sun, now gloomed with shade—was a vision of delight, whose memory can never fade. The faint, far-tolling of the bells and lowing of the kine floated softly up, and all the beauty of the "incense-breathing morn" unfolded itself to the sight. One hundred and thirty mountain peaks are visible; within nearer view is Sempach, where Winkelried gathered a sheaf of Austrian spears in his arms, then buried them in his bosom, and "death made way for liberty." And there was the wild Morgarten fight in 1315, where 1,300 brave Switzers repulsed from their mountain vales 20,000 of the Austrian chivalry; and there is Cappel, where Zwingle, the great Swiss Reformer, fell pierced by 150 wounds. His body lay all night upon the field of battle, and next day was tried for heresy, was burned, and the ashes mingled with those of swine, and scattered on the wandering winds. The view from Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is more extensive, and in some respects more grand, but it is by no means so beautiful, and, above, all has not the thrilling historic memories.

A DEAR little girl of a few summers, after kneeling in prayer, went down to breakfast. When about half way down stairs she went back again; her mother called her to the morning meal, but she replied: "I am going back to say my prayers." "You have already said them," replied her mother. But I forgot to tell God something," said the little one.

OVER THE FENCE.

BOY.

OVER the fence is a garden fair—
How I would love to be master there!
All I lack is a mere pretence—
I could leap over the low white fence.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way that crimes commence;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Over the fence I can toss my ball,
Then I can go in for it—that is all;
Picking an apple up near the tree
Would not be really a theft, you see.

CONSCIENCE.

This is a falsehood—a weak pretence;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Whose is the voice that speaks so plain?
Twice have I heard it, and not in vain.
Ne'er will I venture to look that way,
Lest I shall do as I planned to-day.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way all crimes commence,
Coveting that which is over the fence.

THE PLOUGH-BOY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

HE uses neither horses nor oxen in turning up his millions of acres; he does it with his own hands! He is a wise fellow, always choosing the good places. There is plenty of land in the North-West that is too sandy and stony for anything but the grasses that can take care of themselves. This he lets alone. The soil that he turns up is rich black loam that looks good enough to eat, or, to say the least, to put your choice geraniums in, and under his cultivation it has been growing better and better these hundreds of years. The fact is, he has such good judgment that all we have to do is to take possession of his farms—"jump his claims," as they say here. You must be prepared, though, for a valiant dispute of property. The party in possession, with becoming dignity, goes right on farming his own land. When we think ploughing enough has been done, and put in our seeds, he, in his thorough way, goes at ploughing again, turning our seeds wrong end up, then, working hard as he does, he naturally takes a bite of the roots that reach down where he is. It's all so fair you are ashamed to say anything against it. The pity is, that the Government when it treated with the Indians, could not have treated with the moles too. There, my riddle is out now, if not before.

Well, I had been more than three years in this country without ever seeing a mole, always seeing his work, but never himself, and he was getting to seem a mystery, if not a myth, until this February when Mr. Mole was above ground for a holiday before the busy season, and I saw him, he having been sorrowfully caught.

So, now, let me introduce to you in person the mole that had the honour of being presented in character by Dr. Dawson before the Science Association. He is not at all the mere little blind mouse that one may see absurdly mining a cellar in Ontario. He is a sturdy fellow, as heavy as twelve mice and the colour of one, and upon the whole is as sunny a little animal as I have seen. He has pockets! Guess where they are. No, you will never guess! They are on his head! Just below his wee bit ears. Two nice, large pockets, lined with gray and pink silk, and hemstitched all round, with floss to match. This one had his nicely

stuffed out with provisions—bits of roots, stems and leaves made into neat bundles, showing outside like little dry bouquets on back side of his head.

He's very expressive-looking; hands are right up under his chin, convenient to his pockets; yet it is a puzzle to me, and I think it would be to you, how he could stuff them in such a snug, orderly way. This little fellow was seen smoothing them back, first with one hand and then with the other, much as you may have seen some gentlemen stroke their beards.

EASTERN POSTMEN.

A LITTLE girl once asked a missionary how in the world she ever got her letters living in a place where there are no railroads. This is the answer given in the *Little Helpers*:

The letters come from New York across the Atlantic to England by steamship; from England across the Straits of Dover in a small steamer to France; down through France and Italy to Brindisi by train; from Brindisi across the Mediterranean Sea to Cairo, Egypt, by steamer; from Cairo to Suez by train; from Suez by ship through the Suez Canal, Red Sea, etc., to Bombay, from Bombay across Hindustan by train to Howra, a city north of Calcutta. From Howra the mail is brought by postmen to Dhubri, Assam, where it is assorted and put into bags to be taken to the different stations. The load for one man must not weigh over thirty pounds.

The postman runs or trots with a letter-bag on a stick which he carries across his shoulder. On the end of the stick is a cluster of bells to warn people to clear the road. Some carry a horn which they blow if any one is in the road. The distance between the rest-houses is seven miles. The men go with a peculiar motion, the body bent forward, one hand holding the stick on which the mail-bag hangs, the other spread out as though to ward off anything that might come in the way. They half trot, half run. Their clothing consists of a white cloth on the head and one worn around the waist, extending to the knees. With the exception of a glance, they never notice any one they meet. A postman always brings to my mind the words of Elisha to his servant: "Gird up thy loins and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way; if thou meet any man, salute him not; if any man salute thee, answer him not again."

A SOCIAL GLASS.

HERE is no harm in taking a glass occasionally with one's friends," said Wm. Willet, when advised to be careful lest he should get too fond of drink; "and it is only on such occasions that I take it at all—just to be sociable. It don't do to appear to be mean, you know."

William was the only and beloved son of well-to-do, respectable and honoured parents;—young, handsome, educated and generous.

At the time of which we speak, he had begun to feel that he ought to be trusted to look after his own affairs, and manifested a considerable degree of self-reliance.

At that time it was customary for young men to treat each other, when

they chanced to meet in places where liquor was sold; and it was looked upon as rather manly to step up to the counter—lay down a quarter or more, as the case required, and treat all hands.

William had treated and been treated several times when the caution above alluded to was given; and when, afterwards, he received similar warnings, he said, "No fear of me; it is only weak-minded people that become drunkards. At any rate, I don't like liquor, and only drink occasionally—just to be sociable."

Two years later, and his countenance had become florid, his meetings with his friends at the dram-shop became frequent, and, to the deep sorrow of his parents, he often came home with an unsteady step, and his reason beclouded. On being remonstrated with, he said he had only taken a little,—not enough, he would think, to be noticed. But he would be a little more careful; in fact, he intended to give up drinking altogether.

Alas! poor William; he knew not the strength of his appetite, nor the weakness of his resolution. Only a few years more passed by, and William had squandered a fortune; broken the heart of a beautiful young wife; beggared his little family; and bartered his soul for drink.

In a miserable log shanty, through the chinks of which the wintry winds whistled, and the snows drifted, William passed the last days of his short and unhappy life, and he passed away leaving all he had to bestow,—a drunkard's blessing on his ruined household, and taking with him the achievements of a misspent probation,—the drunkard's curse upon his soul.

Young man—don't drink!—*Set.*

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

THEY tell me of the Egyptian asp,
The bite of which is death;
The victim yielded with a gasp
His hot and hurried breath.
The Egyptian queen, says history,
The reptile vile applied,
And in the arms of agony
Victoriously died.

They tell me that in Italy
There is a reptile dread,
The sting of which is agony,
And dooms the victim dead.
But it is said that music's sound
May soothe the poisoned part;
Yea, heal the deep-venomed wound
And save the sinking heart.

They tell me, too, of serpents vast
That crawl on Afric's shore,
And swallow men; historians past
Tell us of one of yore.
But there is yet one of a kind
More fatal than the whole,
That stings the body and the mind—
Yea, and devours the soul.

'Tis found almost o'er all the earth,
Save Arab's hot domains;
And there, if o'er it hath a birth,
'Tis kept in mercy's chains.
'Tis found in our own gardens gay,
In our own flowery fields,
Devouring every passing day
Its thousands at its meals.

Its poisonous venom withers youth,
Blasts character and health;
All sink before it—hope and truth,
And comfort, joy, and wealth.
It is the author, too, of shame,
And never fails to kill;
My friends, dost thou desire the name?
"The serpent of the still."

"HURRY, mamma," said the little innocent with his cut finger, "it's leaking."

THE SOLDIER'S PLEDGE.

"DO not drink," the colonel said
Upon the festal morning;
There was a toss of beauteous head,
And bright eyes full of scorning.
"As woman's eyes this wine is fair,
I know 'twould make us merry;
But I will pledge in water clear,
And not in golden sherry."

"Why, colonel, why?" the bride spoke up,
Sir Edwin's fairest daughter;
"Why do you scorn the honoured cup,
And pledge me in cold water?
Upon your words there hangs a tale
And wo to it would listen;
Methinks I see your cheeks grow pale,
Your eyes with tear-drops glisten."

"Oh, bonnie bride, the tears I shed
Above this glass of water,
Are for the best and bravest dead
That e'er rode down to slaughter.
'Twas long ago when on the bank
Of Irigally's river,
We met the Russians, rank to rank,
A sword or spear to shiver.

"The night before in Powell's tent
The officers were drinking,
A ceaseless round the goblet went—
A shameless round, I'm thinking.
The morning found us flushed with wine,
With hands and brain unsteady,
But when the Russians formed their line
Of battle, we were ready.

"I reeled, but still upon my steed
I sat and gave the orders
That formed the gallant ranks I'd led
From England's brave borders;
I curse the day I saw them mowed
Down in the fire infernal,
For braver troopers never rode
Behind a drunken colonel!

"This order came to us: 'Advance,
And hold the Ridge of Bannon!
Beyond it shone the foeman's lance
Above one hundred cannon
We gained the ridge and there drew rein,
But only for a minute,
The demon drink had fired my brain—
The flames of hell seemed in it!

"I shouted, 'Charge!' and thro' the smoke
We left the Ridge of Bannon,
And faced the lurid flames that broke
From all those Russian cannon.
We sabred here, we sabred there,
Despite death's horrid rattle;
We left our comrades everywhere
Upon the field of battle!

"How each man like a tiger fought
'Tis told to-day in story;
The foe's success was dearly bought,
And dearer still our glory.
Six hundred gallants rode with me
Upon the deadly cannon;
But only ninety lived to see
Once more the Ridge of Bannon!

"With wounded heart, by time unhealed,
That fell morn in October,
I galloped from the fatal field,
By murder rendered sober.
Behind me lay upon the field,
By murmuring Irigally,
Four hundred men who'd ne'er again
At blast of bugle rally.

"Against our arms the battle went,
Defeat succeeded slaughter,
And all because in Powell's tent
We did not pledge in water.
The sword I drew that fatal day
Is rusted now, and broken,
'Tis well! for it must ever be
Of crime a horrid token.

"Now this is why my eyes with tears
To-day are overflowing;
Above my comrades twenty years
The grasses have been growing.
Come, fill each cup, and say with me—
(Still be your childish prattle!)
The day is lost, as it should be,
When brandy leads the battle.

"I'd drink to all whose bones are white
Beside the distant river;
Their gallant blades to-day are bright,
And will be bright forever!
In water let us pledge the braves
Who questioned not, but followed—
Who peaceful sleep in soldiers' graves,
By Cossack lances hallow'd."

"Fill up!" cried out the bonnie lass,
Sir Edwin's fairest daughter,

"Pour out your wine, and fill each glass
With clear and sparkling water!
We drink to them who will no more
At blast of bugle rally—
The gallant ghosts that guard the shore
Of whispering Irigally!"

It was no woman's foolish whim,
As tearful eyes attested,
They filled their glasses to the brim;
And drank as she requested.
He bowed his head—the soldier gray
Who led his men to slaughter;
And those beside him heard him say:
"Since then I pledge in water."

—Selected.

A BIT OF LEAD.



HEY were building
a church in Dean's
Leigh parish; or
rather they had
built it—even to
the very tall spire
which only needed
a coat of lead on the
top to complete it. It
is strange of how much
worth little things are
—the very little things
that pe. ple are so apt
to overlook, I mean.
One sees this especially

when the small things happen to lie in
close quarters with the big, important
ones. Here was this church large and
grand; built to hold many people and
be filled with prayer and praise; built
by many men of different trades;
taking months to build; with a spire
pointing like a finger to the sky—one
of the highest spires in England—and
yet the builders told me that unless
that small coating of lead were put on
the top all their labours would be lost;
rain would drain through the stone
work, damp soak into it, and down
would come the big spire with a crash
some fine day—all for the want of
that bit of lead to secure it at the top.

"Well," I said to the builders who
told me this when I walked down to
see the new church, "then here's a
nice little lesson to be learned by the
way! Many Christian lives lived in
this great world don't seem worth
much more than that little bit of lead.
But that's just because we don't con-
sider how much the bit of lead is worth.
Such lives keep a great deal of harm
away from Church on earth simply by
sticking to it—and they are nearest to
heaven of the whole building too up
there! We want the bits of lead."

I watched the builders melt their
lead, and mount with it boiling in a
cauldron to the very loftiest point of
the scaffolding. It was dangerous
work, to say the least; but theirs were
stout hearts.

It was of no use. They could not
reach high enough to pour the lead on
the top of the spire. They descended,
disheartened; it seemed as if all their
work would be in vain.

"It'll come down on somebody's
head some day, sure enough," growled
one.

"There's many cottages as isn't far
away," grunted another.

"Your mother'll not stand much
chance, I reckon, if there comes a
strong puff of a winter night, Jim
Baldock!" said a third.

The man addressed had been anx-
iously gazing at the spire or above it—
for some time, and now he spoke up.

"I have it mate, there ain't no way
but one that'll fetch it! One on you'll
stand on the top scaffolding, an' let
me mount o' his shoulders wi' the lead,
an' we'll do it."

"Bravo, Jim!" cried many voices
in answer to the brave and unexpected
proposal.

"But ta'n't safe to risk your life so,
Jim."

"Is it safe to risk hers?" Jim
Baldock answered softly, jerking his
thumb over in the direction of his bed-
ridden mother's little cottage.

Jim was a Christian; and perhaps you
would have guessed as much without
my telling you. The first stone he
ever laid was the corner-stone of Jesus
Christ in his own soul, and he has
been building upon that ever since.

At Jim's last word another loud
cheer rang through the air; and then
they all fell to settling how the plan
was to be carried out. It was quickly
arranged thus. Will Garnet, being
the tallest man among them, as well
as the stoutest, would let little light
Jim to stand on his shoulders, and
Jim should pour in the lead over the
top of the spire.

Will was Jim's great friend. They
went to the same meeting-house to-
gether and prayed for one another
there, and thanked God for each
other's mercies. They worked together
to—I don't mean only in their every-
day toil as builders, but in that share
of work which the Great Master
Builder had set them to do in the
building up of stones in his spiritual
Church, to be found unto praise, and
honour, and glory at his coming.
Working for souls some people call
this, but I don't quite like that phrase;
it seems to leave the body out of count,
as though it were a part of man not
worth caring for. Very often the best
way of reaching people's souls is
through their bodies. Our bodies as
well as our souls are to be built up
living temples for the Holy Spirit.
We can't be considered apart from our
bodies—weak, frail and ailing as they
are; but some day they shall be re-
newed to us strong, beautiful and in-
corruptible.

"I like ye for this, mate!" Will
Garnet said approvingly, as they went
to their work side by side. "It's a
rare dangerous job you've set yourself,
but you may reckon on my standin'
firm."

"Ay, I know. An you'll break it
kind to mother, an' see to her it—if
I don't see her again?"

"I will, Jim."

"Then I a'n't aught left to think.
We're ready for death whenever it
comes our way, a'n't we, mate? We
know our Lord Jesus. He can't fail
us. Will, it comforts me now to
think how 'the Everlasting Arms' are
underneath us, even under that great,
dizzy spire, when we're up there. If
I was to fall, it 'ud only be home all
the sooner, would'nt it? You'd go on
wi' the Master's work, o' course, just
as us'al, mate, an' p'raps it might lead
others to come forward as is holdin'
back now—there's never no knowin',
mate. Now let's have a bit o' prayer."

They didn't stop to kneel down,
there wasn't time; the boiling lead
would have cooled meanwhile; so they
prayed aloud as they went along. And
God heard them. His ear is always
close to the mouth of his children
when they speak, right into it. I wish
they would remember that sometimes
when they let their lips say words that
grieve him.

"Ready now, mate?"

"Ay, lad!"

They had mounted the tall scaffold-
ing now, and stood on its highest plank.

There was a mighty crowd gathered
below them—silent and awestruck.
Prayers went up from some hearts for
safety of the brave man who was risk-
ing his life for his mother's sake and
for many of theirs.

Jim stood erect on his friend's shoul-
ders. Will Garnet's face was ashen-
hued, but he never even trembled.
His strong right arm clung as for dear
life to the top of the scaffolding pole.

Just as Jim was about to pour the
molten lead upon the top of the spire
a strong wind arose. It blew into
their faces in sudden gust, and threat-
ened to sweep both away into the
abyss beneath. Jim felt that they
could neither of them stand it long,
and he went quickly to his work.

Down came a mass of molten lead,
dislodged by the fierce gale on the
right arm of the man who was sup-
porting his friend. Jim busy at his
work, never saw it fall—never knew.

Will Garnet never stirred—never
writhed. His right arm, with its
cruel, burning lead upon it, still grasped
the scaffolding pole firmly as ever.

It would have been death to Jim if
he had cried or faltered. Without
words of mine, you may picture to
yourself the peril of the position.

The work was done, it was only that
of a few moments. The two brave
fellows came down again, and were
received with cheers by the crowd.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Jim
Baldock, out of a full heart.

Will Garnet said nothing. He fell
heavily forward into his friend's arms,
and fainted.

They loosened his coat, and then they
saw his right arm bleeding, burning,
and eaten away by the scalding metal.
That man was a hero.

The tall spire is standing to this
day, with its cap of lead, strong and
firm. Jim Baldock and Will Garnet
must be old men now if they are still
on earth; and Jim's mother is long
gone to those glorious mansions of rest
prepared by the Master Builder him-
self in heaven.—Sel.

MOTHER'S TURN.

"IT is mother's turn to be taken
care of now."

The speaker was a winsome
young girl, whose bright eyes,
fresh colour, and eager looks, told of
light-hearted happiness. Just out of
school, she had the air of culture,
which is an added attraction to a blithe
young face. It was mother's turn now.
Did she know how my heart went out
to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love for
their daughters, entirely overlook the
idea that they themselves need recrea-
tion. They do without all the easy,
pretty, and charming things, and say
nothing about it; and the daughters do
not think there is any self-denial
involved. Jenny gets the new dress,
and mother wears the old one, turned
upside down, and wrong-side out.
Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and
mother stays at home and keeps house.
Emily is tired of study, and must lie
down in the afternoon; but mother,
though her back aches, has no time for
such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your
mothers. Coax them to let you
relieve them of some of the harder
duties, which, for years, they have
patiently borne.—Intelligencer.

ONLY NOW AND THEN.

BY MRS. M. A. RIDDER.

THINK it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable, and strong.

Many a wretched sot, boys,
That one daily meets
Drinking from the beer kegs,
Living in the streets,
Or at best in quarters
Worse than any pen,
Once was dressed in broadcloth,
Drinking now and then.

When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 12 1884.

METHODIST UNION.

THE first of June, 1884, will be for all time an historic day of profound significance to Canadian Methodism. In the good providence of God the long-divided sections of the Methodist family in this land are at length brought together into one household. Old alienations have passed away and old breaches have been healed. Long-estranged brethren have come together, to find a brother's love throbbing warmly in their hearts. As they have engaged in united revival efforts, Divine approval has attended those efforts, and such a year of grace as we have seen the annals of Canadian Methodism do not previously record.

The spirit of a larger charity and of brotherly love thus manifested is spreading like a Divine leaven from land to land. In Australia, in New Zealand, in Japan, in Great Britain, its influence is felt. A yearning for the integration of Methodism throughout the world is taking the place of the strifes and disintegration of former times. And Canadian Methodism has the honour of showing the world how minor differences can all be merged into a higher unity of love and Christian brotherhood.

We hope that with this union we shall see a revival of the old aggressive spirit and methods of early Methodism; that a grand movement, "all along the line," shall carry forward the victories of the Cross as never before done among us. If increase of numbers, of wealth, of influence, should lessen our spiritual earnestness, our consecration, our zeal, they would be a curse instead of a blessing. They lay us under increased obligation to do more for God and for the salvation of souls than we have ever done. We rejoice at the adoption, in many places, of more flexible methods of operation, adapted to the varying circumstances of the times. Many of these are but the revival of primitive usages which had fallen into abeyance. Such, emphatically, is the larger employment of lay agency for Christian work. For every minister we ought to have ten, twenty, or forty active lay helpers. Many of these are rusting for want of work. How the work of soul-saving would go forward if this great army, fifty or a hundred thousand strong, would engage in individual effort for the conversion of those whom they, better than any others on earth, can lead to the Saviour!

As an organized Church—with an ordained and specially trained ministry, with the institutions and sacraments of a Church, with the means of instructing the young and building up new converts—we are better equipped for doing the full work of a Church than the Salvation Army or any similar organization can possibly be. We can employ all the really valuable agencies that they employ—fervent exhortation, individual witness-bearing, lively singing, earnest prayer—without the objectionable features, the sensationalism, the flippancy, not to say irreverence, that is sometimes manifested by the "Army."

Within our own recollection the Methodists in Toronto had open-air preaching in the streets, in the parks, and open spaces. Their stirring hymns attracted a crowd, an earnest exhortation followed, and a singing procession led many unwonted hearers to some adjacent church. We don't need a big drum, and tambourines and banners—though we have no special objection to them, and the *Wesleyan Recorder* recently urged Sunday-schools to organize bands of music for street service—but we do need aggressive Christian work. We would like to see Methodist preaching—lay-preaching for the most part it would necessarily be—in the public parks, at street corners, at the island and pleasure resorts, on the shipping and wharves, at the immigrant sheds, in mission-halls, and cottages, and suburban villages—wherever there is a chance to speak a word for the Master, and wherever unsaved souls can be induced to hear.

In the early home of the present writer—Methodist home as it was—students of Knox College, year after year, kept up a week-night prayer-meeting, which was filled to overflowing by scores of the neighbours. These students learned more practical theology therefrom than they could from the ablest professors. So our zealous young men, and older men, will gain more good by doing good than by sitting at ease in Zion, and letting the minister do all the preaching and practical Christian work that is done.

We rejoice at the various forms of



THE CATTLE-TRAIN.

active lay co-operation, of which we have heard, at Belleville, Trenton, Petrolia, Montreal, Toronto and its vicinity, and elsewhere. We hope that more and more such efforts will be multiplied, and that more and more the Methodists of Canada may deserve the eulogy pronounced by Chalmers on those of his day—"All at it and always at it."—*Methodist Magazine for June.*

THE CATTLE-TRAIN.

THIS picture illustrates an incident that was related some years ago by Miss L. M. Alcott, the well-known author. We give the story in her own words as published at the time:

"Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool, that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

"Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!

"The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and, while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

"I could not hear what they said; but, as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and, emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little barefoot's task a hard one.

"But to and fro she ran, never tired though the small pail was so soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, filled her 'picking-dish' with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity."—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

THE WESLEY FAMILY.

THERE are Wesleys living now of whom the world hears but little, but they are true to the family reputation. One of these is Rev. Charles Wesley, a clergyman of the Church of England, one of the two clerical sons of the late distinguished musical composer and organist, Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley. For some time, Rev. Charles Wesley, who is great-grandson of the poet of Methodism, has been acting as minister in a Lancashire parish, where the vicar was suspended and ultimately deprived of the living. Mr. Wesley's services as *locum tenens* were most acceptable to the parishioners, all of whom expected that the living would be given to him. The patron, however, gave it to another, and the people were sorely disappointed. One gentleman sent for Mr. Wesley, and told him how much they were disappointed; and on parting placed a small roll in Mr. Wesley's hand and a note. On opening the roll, he found it to contain in Bank of England notes £4,000 (value \$20,000), and the note informed him that he was to purchase a living, and should there be with it an unfurnished parsonage, the kind donor promised \$5,000 more to furnish the same. I have this fact privately from his aunt, Miss Wesley, with whom I spent an evening recently. The Wesley family is still watched over by Divine Providence.

SAID a tipsy husband to his wife, "You need-need n't blame me. 'Twas woman that first tem-tempted man to eat forbidden things." "That won't do," retorted the very indignant wife; "woman may have first tempted man to eat forbidden things, but he took to drink on his own account."



THE EVENING HOUR.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

*N*OW the evening hour has come,
 And little lambs should hie to rest,
 So come, my own sweet lamb, and lay
 Thy head on mother's tender breast.
 Dear little heart, that holds no thought
 Of ill or wrong, by day or night,
 At peace with all thy little world,
 Sleep safely on till morning light.

Thy little lips a prayer have lisped,
 Though all unconscious they may be
 As yet of Him to whom they pray,
 Or of His care, wee lamb, of thee.
 For mother's arms thy haven are,
 And mother's love thy heaven, too,
 And mother's eyes the light wherby
 Thy feet will seek a pathway true.

On thy sweet lips a sister's kiss
 Is softly laid; her dear caress
 Makes all at peace the baby thoughts;
 And lulled by mother's tenderness,
 Thou liest down without a care
 To drive sweet slumber from thine eyes
 And angels watch and ward will keep
 Till shadows flee from morning skies.

So may we who are older grown,
 My little lamb, lie down at night
 With earnest prayer that God who reigns,
 And bringeth from the darkness light,
 May heed this longing in our hearts,
 "Lord, with the world, myself, and thee,
 Whate'er my lot, grant only this,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be."

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

TELL you about it? Of course, I will!
I thought 'twould be dreadful to have
him come,
For Mamma said I must be quiet and still,
And she put away my whistle and drum—

And made me unharness the parlour chairs,
And packed my cannon and all the rest
Of my noisiest playthings off up stairs,
On account of this very distinguished guest.

Then every room was turned upside down,
And all the carpets hung out to blow;
For when the Bishop is coming to town,
The house must be in order, you know.

So out in the kitchen I made my lair,
And started a game of hide-and-seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
For the Bishop was coming—to stay a week

And she must make cookies and cake and pies,
And fill every closet and platter and pan,
Till I thought this Bishop, so great and wise,
Must be an awfully hungry man.

Well! at last he came; and I do declare,
Dear grandpapa, he looked just like you,
With his gentle voice, and his silvery hair,
And eyes with a smile a-shining through.

And whenever he read or talked or prayed,
I understood every single word:
And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid,
Though I never once spoke or stirred;

Till, all of a sudden, he laughed right out,
To see me sit quietly listening so;
And began to tell us stories about
Some queer little fellows in Mexico.

And all about Egypt and Spain—and then
He wasn't disturbed by a little noise,
But said that the greatest and best of men
Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it is no matter at all
If a little boy runs and jumps and climbs;
And Mamma should be willing to let me crawl
Through the banister-rails, in the hall,
Sometimes.

And Bridget, sir, made a great mistake,
In stirring up such a bother, you see,
For the Bishop—he didn't care for cake,
And really liked to play games with me.

But though he's so honoured in word and act
(Stoop down, for this is a secret now)—
He couldn't spell *Boeten*! That's a fact!
But whispered to me to tell him how.
—*Wide Awake.*

"DON'T SCOLD, JOHN."

REV. C. F. JANES.

A WOMAN had been bitten by a rattlesnake. Her home was some nine miles from town on the prairie. A fresh breeze, invigorating as the sea-air, was blowing as the minister and his pony hastened along the fenceless road, which seemed to choose its own way, generally following the "divides," and so escaping the low and wet intervals, or "sloughs." Often neither house nor tree was in sight; but the waving grass was parti-colored with flowers, and occasionally the road skirted large fields of Indian corn. At length the house was reached, a rude and newly-built cabin around which even the cotton-wood trees had not grown sufficiently to shade from the scorching summer sun, or to shelter from the north wind. There were two rooms in the house. In one of these the woman was lying. The first dreadful pains were over. All had been done that could be done, and it remained to see whether nature could rally against the deadly poison.

After some conversation with the woman, who was now resting in full faith and calmly awaiting the issue, the minister remounted his horse and prepared to return. The husband of

the stricken woman followed a little way, and told the circumstances of the accident. It was evidently a relief to be able to disburden his heart by a kind of confession.

"Bad, isn't it, parson? And I am the one to blame. I don't mind telling you.

"I came home awhile ago tired and cross. Things had gone edgewise with me that day. I had some business in town. A waggon-wheel wanted setting and a plow-point was broken, so I left my woman to look after the stock, and went away. We have no fences yet, and need to keep watch of the cattle.

"I came home cross, as I say—the blacksmith wasn't civil, and I met a sharp-tongued neighbour—when, there were the cattle right in the corn!

"I drove them out, and went to the house. The woman was baking; but I spoke out sharp: 'Seems to me ye a'n't mindin' the cattle! How do ye expect to have any corn!' And I grumbled about working all day, and coming home to find it hadn't done any good.

"She didn't say much—she don't often—and I felt ashamed afterwards, though I didn't tell her so.

"But I went away again about a week after, and as I was coming back I said to myself: 'I wonder if Susan has kept the cows out of the corn this time.'

"By and by I came in sight of home, and there were the cattle, sure enough, in the corn. Well, I thought to myself: 'See here, old boy; don't you make a fool of yourself this time. It never does any good to fly at your own nose. Better have peace at home than growl over spoiled corn.'

"So I drove the cows out, and went in. I looked into the kitchen, but Susan wasn't there, and somehow things looked deserted. The tea-kettle wasn't boiling, and the dishes were scattered about as my woman don't usually have them.

"I called Susan, and I thought I heard a little sound in t'other room. I went there, and found her pale as death.

"'What's the matter?' says I.
"'Don't scold, John,' said she.
"'Don't scold, John; I did try to drive them out. I did truly.'

"And now you know what ailed her. That woman had gone to drive the cows away, a-fearing that I would scold, ye see, and there in the field a snake struck her.

"She crawled back to the house. The poison went all over her. She fainted and came to. Her mouth was dried, and she couldn't move to get a drink of water. There she lay on the floor five hours, awaiting and praying. And yet, sir, when she saw me, she didn't say she was hurt. She just feebly spoke, 'Don't scold, John; I tried to drive the cows out.'

"Scold! I could have spit on myself, and kicked myself into a slough, for troubling her precious soul!

"But, thank God, sir, she lives. The venomous beast nearly killed her, but he didn't quite. For some time I thought she would die. But what cut me the worst was that, when she was out of her head, she would turn to me again and say, 'Don't scold, John.' I reckon I would as soon scold an angel.

"But she is much better now; I think she will live. You must come and see us again, parson."

THE SPARROW.

RETURNED home from the chase, and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself, and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon its head. He had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, and his little unfledged wings extended. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow, with black breast, quitted a neighbouring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and, with ruffled plumage, and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang twice at the open, grinning mouth. He had come to protect his little one at the cost of his own life. His little body trembled all over, his voice was hoarse, he was in an agony—he offered himself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to him. But, in spite of that he had not remained safe on his lofty bough. A power stronger than his own will had forced him down. The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes: smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird, and for the depth of his paternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love alone that supports and animates all.—*Turgeneff, the great Russian Poet.*

LUTHER'S SNOW SONG.

ON a cold dark night, when the wind was blowing hard and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper, when he heard some one singing outside—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto his nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!" "I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer. Conrad opened the door and saw a ragged child, who said: "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!" "Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night." The boy said, "Thank God," and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a scholar. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain with them. They sent him to school and afterward he went into a monastery. There, one day, he found

a Bible, which he read, and learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the strong echo of the good news—"Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took the little street singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

MISS FLETCHER, who has brought so many Indian children to the school for them at Carlisle, tells this story: "The great grandmother of one of the boys was once on the hunt when the Sioux came on the Omahas. The women and children were placed in the rear for safety, and they began at once to dig pits and jump into them to escape the arrows. This woman had her three grandchildren with her, and they pretty well filled up the pit. The Sioux pressed forward and came toward the place where the children were. The grandmother had no time to conceal the hole, so she threw herself over it as if dead. The Sioux passed her, but she dared not stir, for the shouts of fighting were all about her. Soon the Sioux returned and two warriors discovered her. 'She's dead,' said one. 'We'll see,' said the other, drawing his knife and stabbing her in the shoulder. The woman never winced. 'She's dead,' they said, and off they went, leaving her in pain and joy, for her grandchildren were safe. When the three little boys were taken out of the pit they were nearly frightened to death, but they all grew up to be men, and lived to see their children's children, and tell many times the story of the loving grandmother."
—*The Watchman.*

CHOSEN FOR HIS WORTH.

ONE morning at the breakfast table Mrs. Grey said to her husband: "We had such a fine rain during the night, and I think the garden had better be weeded and the walk smoothed over to-day."

"Let Sam do it," said Mr. Grey; "he is large enough."

"But he is so careless," said his mother; "Johnny would do better."

"Johnny is too small," said his father.

"Johnny is small, but he is the best worker," answered his mother; "He is conscientious, and whatever he does he does well. You can depend upon him."

So Johnny was sent to the garden to pull up the weeds, and make the walks look trim and neat, feeling very proud and happy at the honour placed upon him by his parents.

Dear children, God has work for us all to do, and sometimes he calls very young people to do important work. He chooses only those whom he sees are fitted for the work. The pure in heart and life, and the earnest and faithful ones are those he wants. Try to be what he would have you, that you may be fitted for and able to do the work he gives you.

THE ancients could beat us to death painting pictures; but look at our frames!

THE GATEKEEPER'S WIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

TELL me a story, darlings!
Well, yes, I think I will,
If you'll sit down upon the grass,
And all be very still.

There was a noble woman,
Lived in her dwelling poor;
'Twas but a little thatched-roof house,
With roses round the door.

Some distance from the city,
Its turmoil, noise and strife;
She tried to do life's duties well
As mother and as wife.

From seven o'clock each morning,
Till eventide at eight,
Her husband had with anxious care
To keep the railway gate.

It was a level crossing,
And he kept watch all day,
Lest passers-by should cross the line
When trains rush'd down that way.

Sometimes, this Belgian woman,
Her husband's toil would share,
And take his place that he might rest
A while from anxious care.

Then he could tend his garden,
And pass a few brief hours
Among the lilies beautiful,
Or other fragrant flowers.

In large bouquets or crosses,
They were to Antwerp sent,
And oft sufficient cash was gained,
To pay for clothes and rent.

At night, when toil was over,
The mother read God's Word;
And little Fritz, their only child,
Was taught to love the Lord.

With hands tight clasped together,
He knelt at close of day,
To ask for Jesus' guardian care,
Upon life's thorny way.

One lovely morn in August,
Of eighteen eighty-three,
That mother sat beside the gate
With Fritz upon her knee.

She heard the distant signal,
And put the lad aside,
Then went across toward the gate
Which soon was opened wide.

The train came rushing onward,
Around the sharp incline,
Just as the frightened woman saw
Her boy was on the line.

Unconscious of his peril,
He walked along the track,
Until his mother's out-stretched arms
Had pushed her darling back.

Back from the awful danger,
For thus his life she won,
Although her own was given up
To save her darling son.

The express train sped quickly,
Along the iron way;
It left behind, all crushed and torn,
That mother's lifeless clay.

She needs no splendid coffin,
Or monumental stone,
This noble woman, good and brave,
Has gained her Lord's *Well done*.

WEAR AND RUST.

WHEN I was a boy," said an old physician, "I remember that my father brought home two chains just alike, to use on the farm. It was not long before one was lost, and though we hunted high and low for it, we never could find it. The conclusion probably was that it was stolen, but I don't recollect whether we located the theft on any one in particular. After I had finished my medical studies, I went home one summer for a visit, and it happened that year father moved a great stone pile that had lain on the farm all my days.

There at the bottom lay that old chain, which had probably been thrown on the heap and slipped in among the stones. We took it out and tried to use it, but there was no strength in the rust-eaten links; they broke and fell apart at the least strain. The other chain was in use still. The links were worn some, but bright and strong still, and ready for a good deal of useful service.

"I have often thought of that old rust-eaten chain since then, and it reminds me of lazy folks who just rust out their lives. I find in my practice that they are the hardest to cure when they are sick, and that every little thing breaks them down. Good, earnest work, in moderation, is one of the best health-givers I know of. If people of health would practise it, we doctors should have to go out in the corn-fields to work for a living."—*Séz.*

THE WHALE HUNTERS OF JAPAN.

THE whole fishery of Japan is carried on as a regular business on both coasts of the country; but more men are employed, and the catch of whales is larger, off the eastern coast, especially of Kii province.

The fishermen of the little town of Koza have a lookout-tower perched upon the rocks, far up on the hillside. A sentinel is kept constantly watching for the spouting *kujiri* ("number one fish,") as the natives call the whale. Long boats, holding from four to ten men, are kept ready launched. These hardy fellows row with tremendous energy, as if in a prize race. If the whales are numerous the men wait in their boats, with sculls on their pins, and straps ready to slip on at a moment's notice, all in order to put out to sea. A gay flag with a curious device floats at each stern. The whalemen are divided into scullers, netters, and harpooners, or grappling-iron men. Japanese never row, but scull with curiously-bent long sweeps, which swing on a half-round knob set in a pivot, the handle end being usually strapped at the proper height. The device on each flag is different, and spears, nets, and grappling irons are marked, so that the most skilful get proper credit for their courage, sure aim, and celerity.

The boatmen are lightly clad in short sleeveless cotton jackets, with leggings, like greaves, reaching from knee to ankle. Around their waists are kilts made of coarse, rice straw. The nets, which are about twenty feet square, with meshes three feet wide, are made of tough seagrass rope, two inches thick.

Twenty or thirty of these nets are provided, and then tightly tied together, so as to make one huge net, from four hundred to six hundred feet long. As soon as the signal from the tower is given, the boats put out, two by two, each pair of the larger boats having the net tackle, and all armed with darts and spears. Rowing in front of the whale, the net is dropped in his path. If skilfully done, the huge fish runs his nose or jaw into a mesh. He at once dives, and tries to shake off the net. This he cannot do, for the square in which he is entangled immediately breaks off from the rest, which is hauled on board, ready for another drop. Should this also be successful, the game is soon up with

the whale. Usually, the more he flounders, the more tightly his terrible collars hold him, entangling his fins, and quickly exhausting his strength. No sooner does he rise for breath than the rowers dash close to him, giving the harpooners an opportunity to hurl their darts at his big body, until he looks like an exaggerated pin-cushion. As his struggles become weaker, the grappling-irons are thrown on, and the boats tow the carcass near shore.

To land their prize, the successful hunters lash about it stout straw ropes, and attach to them a cable, winding the other end around a windlass set up on the beach. Then, with gay and lively songs, they haul the enormous mass ashore. The whale is now cut up into chunks. Its tidbits go on the fisherman's gridiron, or are pickled, boiled, roasted, or fried.

WARMING HER HEART.

SITTING in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat there impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited or stupid. I felt all three; and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

"Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor, old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, 'Have you lost anything, ma'am?'

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, ain't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most frozen to-day, being lame and wimbly; and not selling much makes me kind of down-hearted."

"The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, 'Won't you have a cup of tea? It's very comforting such a day as this.'

"Sakes alive! do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm my heart!"

"While she refreshed herself, telling

her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

"As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her, and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

"Old beggar-women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-laces, and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveller went on her way better for that half hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from 'comforting the cockles of the heart' of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after."—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

FINGER MARKS.

A GENTLEMAN employed a man to whitewash the walls of one of his rooms. This whitening is almost colorless until dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his desk, standing in the room, white finger marks. Opening the drawer, he found the same on the articles in it, and also on the pocket-book. An examination revealed the same marks on the contents of a bag. This proved clearly that the man, with his wet hand had opened the drawer, and searched the bag, which contained no money, and had then closed the drawer without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The whitening which happened to be on his hand did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his wickedness. As the work was all done on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man didn't come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer. Beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They all leave finger marks, which will one day be revealed. Sin defiles the soul. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them. These may be almost, if not quite, invisible at first.

A WRITER in a French magazine describes the famous Prussian general Von Moltke as a cold, dry, impassive, egotistic man, living the life of a recluse, and incapable of doing good to anybody.

GIVING AND LIVING.

FOREVER the sun is pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow,
To withhold his largesse of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all.
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the light it freely loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.
To deny
Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rays to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean,
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart is lightning motion;
And over and over we yield our breath
Till the mirror is dry and images death.
To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride
Who gives his fortunate gains to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
When he turns the world in his sympathies.
To deny
Is to die.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

A CLERGYMAN once tried to
teach some children that the
soul would live after they
were all dead. They listened, but
evidently did not understand. Taking
out his watch he said:

"James, what is this I hold in my
hand?"
"A watch, sir."
"How do you know it is a watch?"
"Because we see it, and hear it
tick?"
"Very good."

He then took off the case, and held it
in one hand, and the watch in the
other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?
You see there are two which look like
watches. Now I will lay the case
aside—put it away down there in my
hat. Now let us see if you can hear
the watch ticking?"

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed
several voices. "Well, the watch
can tick, go and keep time, as you see,
when the case is taken off and put in
my hat, just as well. So it is with
you, children. Your body is nothing
but the case; the body may be taken
off and buried in the ground, and the
soul will live just as well as this watch
will go, when the case is taken off."

BREVITIES.

THERE is nothing meaner than bar-
barous and cruel treatment of the dumb
creatures who cannot answer us or
resent the misery which is so often
needlessly inflicted upon them.

In Salt Lake City the sidewalks are
twenty feet wide. This, the *Troy
Times* thinks, is to permit a man's
widows to walk abreast, instead of in
couples, when going to his funeral.

WHEN the clergyman remarked
there would be a nave in the new
church the Society was building, an
old lady whispered that she knew the
party to whom he referred.

JERROLD said to an ardent young
gentleman, who burned with a desire
to see himself in print: "Be advised
by me, young man; don't take down
the shutters before there is something
in the window."

THE talent of turning men into ridi-
cule, and exposing to laughter those
one converses with is the qualification
of little minds and ungenerous tempers.
A young man with this cast of mind
cuts himself off from all inanner of
improvement.

A DEAR old gentleman, the father
of a large family, on being asked which
were his favorites among his children,
innocently replied: "I never had
any favorites among them. But if I
had had, they would have been John
and Mary."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"MANY of the heads shaken at the
old Bible are empty," says one of the
Bishops of the Irish Episcopal Church.
He was quite as sharp in his definition
of an "Agnostic," a title which some
men of note are rather proud to wear.
He says its most exact synonym is
"Ignoramus."

"WHY, papa is sober!" cried a
little girl, as she came out joyously
from behind the door, where she had
hidden herself in expectation of her
father's quarrelsome coming to the
home which was commonly made
wretched by his contentions through
drink.

LORD PALMERSTON found work the
best anodyne to pride. His physician
said that he could have given him
nothing that would have equally
allayed the sense of suffering, which is
always increased by the attention of
the mind directed to it. Rousseau and
La Fontaine also delighted thus "to
physic pain by toil."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1042. LESSON III. [July 20.]

GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID.

2 Sam. 7. 1-16. Commit to memory vs. 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy throne shall be established forever.
2 Sam. 7. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. A House Proposed, v. 1-3.
2. A House Refused, v. 4-10.
3. A House Promised, v. 11-16.

TIME.—B.C. 1042.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The king*—King David.
Sat. at rest—Having conquered his kingdom
and the surrounding tribes. *His enemies*—
Both the disorderly elements in the realm,
and the heathen races around it. *House of
cedar*—A house with roof of cedar. *Within
curtains*—In the tent called the tabernacle.
Nathan—An inspired prophet. *Go, do all*—
This was Nathan's advice before God had
given him his will. *Not dwell in any house*—
This refers to the ark, which represented
God's presence among his people. *Spake I a
word*—God had not commanded the people to
build him an house. *From the sheep-cote*—
Rather, "from the pasture fields," as David
had been a shepherd. *A great name*—A
name famous in all time. *I was with thee*—
God's presence made David great. *Appoint a
place*—The land of Canaan, from which they
would not have been taken, but for their sins.
Children of wickedness—The oppressors during
the time of the judges. *Make thee an house*
—That is, give to David's family the possession
of the throne. *I will chasten him*—God
would punish him for sins, but not take the
kingdom from him. *Established forever*—
Through Jesus Christ, the descendant of
David.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. That God's plans cannot be hurried by
men?
2. That God's presence and blessing are
with his servants?
3. That the death of a good man does not
hinder God's work.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did David purpose to do? To
build an house for the Lord. 2. What came

to Nathan in the night? The word of the
Lord. 3. What did the Lord tell Nathan?
To forbid David's building him an house.
4. Whom did the Lord appoint to build him
an house? David's son Solomon. 5. What
promise did God make to David? "Thy
throne shall be established forever."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The promises of
God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

- * 71. Wherein lay the evil of eating the
forbidden fruit?
In the spirit of disobedience to God, unto
whom, as their Creator and Benefactor and
Lord, they ought to have been in entire
submission?
- 72. Into what state did the fall bring
mankind?
Into a state of sin and misery. Romans
v. 12.
- 73. What is the sinfulness of that state?
The want of original righteousness, and the
depravity of our nature, through which it has
become inclined only to evil. Romans v. 19;
Romans iii. 10.
[Matthew vii. 11; Luke xi. 12.]

B.C. 1040.] LESSON IV. [July 27.]

KINDNESS TO JONATHAN'S SON.

2 Sam. 9. 1-13. Commit to memory vs. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend,
forsake not. Prov. 27. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. A King's Question, v. 1.
2. A Servant's Answer, v. 2-5.
3. A Son's Inheritance, v. 6-13.

TIME.—B.C. 1040.

PLACE.—Jerusalem and Lo-debar, a town
east of the Jordan.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Any that is left*—Nearly
all of Saul's family were slain in the battle of
Mount Gilboa. *For Jonathan's sake*—On
account of the love which David felt for
Jonathan. *The kindness of God*—A kindness
and mercy like that of God to man. *Loam of
his feet*—While a child he had been dropped
by his nurse and injured. *Lo-debar*—An
unknown place east of the Jordan. *Fell on
his face*—Perhaps afraid that he might be put
to death, as Oriental kings often kill the
family of those who reigned before them.
The land of Saul—Saul's home was at Gibeah,
in Benjamin. *A dead dog*—An utterance of
the deepest humility. *Till the land for him*
—Pay to him all that was obtained by the
land. *Food to eat*—For the expenses of his
family and household. *At my table*—This
was the highest honour that a king could
give. *Dwelt in Jerusalem*—He remained
faithful to David in all the troubles that came
afterward.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. The strength of true friendship?
2. The lasting power of a good deed?
3. That kind deeds are never lost?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For whom did David inquire? Any of
the house of Saul. For what reason did he
inquire? That he might show him kindness.
2. Whom did he find remaining of the house
of Saul? A servant, Ziba, and Jonathan's
son, Mephibosheth. 3. Where had Mephibo-
sheth been dwelling? In the house of Machir
of Lo-debar. 4. What did David say to
Mephibosheth? "Thou shalt eat bread at my
table."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The loving-kind-
ness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

- 74. What is this sinfulness commonly
called?
Original sin: being that from which all
actual transgressions proceed.
- 75. What is the misery of the state into
which man fell?
All mankind, being born in sin, and follow-
ing the desires of their own hearts, are liable
to the miseries of this life, to bodily death,
and to the pains of hell hereafter. Ephesians
ii. 3; Galatians iii. 10; Romans vi. 23.
- 76. But are all mankind, being born in sin,
born without hope?
No; for a Saviour was provided from the
beginning, and all that come into the world
receive of His grace and His Spirit. Genesis
iii. 15; John i. 5; John i. 9, 10.
[Romans v. 18; 1 Peter i. 20; Revelation
xiii. 8.]

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